

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1886.

NO. 181.

## GRAND OVERCOAT SALE!

Several Hundred Overcoats Must be Sold Within the next few Weeks.

They were shipped us from an over-stocked manufacturer with instructions to sell and sell they must, as we are so crowded with other goods have no room for them. If you want an overcoat don't fool your time away looking around for one. Come right to our store where you can see stacked up more Overcoats than are in all the other stores in town put together, and they are elegant tailor made goods, too. We can sell you a good Chinchilla Overcoat for \$3, \$4 or \$5, or an elegant all wool Overcoat for \$6, \$7 or \$8. Elegant custom-cut and tailor-sewed Overcoats, rough or smooth, at \$10 to \$15, worth from \$15 to \$25. Big assortment of Boys' and Childrens' Overcoats, away under regular prices. Anyone contemplating purchasing an Overcoat will be very unwise not to examine our stock before buying.

We will receive almost a car load of reasonable Cold Weather Good from New York Auctions this week consisting of Flannels, Linseys, Canton Flannels, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' Woolen Hose, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Cloaks, Newmarkets, Short Wraps, Shawls, Scarfs, Hoods, Mufflers, &c., &c., all of which will be closed out with a rush at our usual bewilderingly low prices. About Dec. 15th we will open up an immense line of Dolls and other suitable goods for the holidays. An early visit of inspection is solicited from all.

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## S. L. POWERS & CO.,

Popular Originators and Promoters of low Prices for all the people.

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### Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays  
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\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

#### National Banks

The annual report of the Controller of the Currency contains suggestions for the amendment of the banking laws in about a dozen instances, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements for reserve; loans to individuals; more thorough examination of banks, and their protection against unequal State taxation. Twenty-five hundred and eighty National banks have been organized in all, of which 2,858 are now in operation. Of these 174 have been organized during the year; capital, \$21,000,000; bonds \$3,700,000; circulations, \$2,900,000. Twenty-four banks went into voluntary liquidation; during the year one ceased to exist by expiration of its charter, and eight failed.

The failed banks have an aggregate capital of \$650,000; surplus and undivided profits \$240,000; liabilities \$1,300,000. The creditors of these banks have been paid in full, principal and interest. In two cases dividends have reached 50 per cent, in one case 75 per cent, and in one case 25 per cent. The local dividends paid during the year exceed \$1,600,000, and the banks have been fairly wound up and their accounts closed, leaving twenty-five insolvent banks still in the hands of receivers.

Since the beginning of the system, in 1863, only 122 national banks have failed. Of these thirty-eight have paid their creditors in full, and twenty have paid interest besides fifteen in full and five in part.

The effect on the relation of the public debt, and the high premium on bonds in the volume of national bank circulation is very fully illustrated. The contraction in national bank circulation during the year exceeds \$56,000,000.

A large display, exhibiting the main features of the national banking system and their variations during the past twenty years, accompanies the report. From these it appears that the aggregate deposits in the various National banks have increased from \$522,000,000 in January 1866, to \$1,173,000,000 in October 1886, while loans and discounts have risen from \$500,000,000 at the former date to \$1,443,000,000 at the latter date. The specie held by the national banks in 1866 was \$19,000,000; in October 1865 it was only \$8,000,000, while in 1885 it was \$177,000,000 and is now \$156,000,000.

Just before the Baptist church in Todd county was dedicated last Sunday, Hon. Jefferson Davis spoke as follows: "It is with a heart full of grateful emotion that I stand here on the spot of my nativity, to assist in erecting a house to the Triune God. Nothing was so acceptable to Him as such a gift. Some of you may ask how it is that I, who am not a Baptist, should give ground for the erection of a Baptist church. I reply that my father, who was a better man than I, was a Baptist. We left this place during my infancy, and I have never been here but once since, but I have heard with lively feelings of pleasure of your progress."

Los end of these being the piping times of peace they are the piping times of pipe-stove pipe.

#### OBITUARY

F. B. McClary

One by one our neighbors and friends around us have been falling. The destroyer, with relentless impartiality, has stalked in our midst. And the young, the middle and the old alike have yielded to his imperious mandates. In these last months he has garnered a rich harvest. And just now he has again entered our homes and gloom hangs over the community. The fall of none of the dear ones has caused more painful melancholy than has the death of F. B. McClary. On November 12th, 1886, in the 50th year of his age, at his home in Barboursville, surrounded by wife and friends, this man paid the debt common to mortality. Consumption was the immediate cause. With that terrible disease he had battled for years. He had sought recreation in the bracing, exhilarating atmosphere of the North, and again among the prairie blossoms and deathless verdure of the far Southern land. But all a fruitless effort of escape! The inexorable hand was upon his vitals, and doing its work. The tender, soothing, pitying hands of a faithful wife, who journeyed with him in these distant lands, and who did all that love could do to lighten the load of sorrow, were not enough to stay the enemy. Human skill and human love were alike powerless. A respite they could bring, but the elixir was in heaven, not up on earth. Worn and discouraged, yet resigned, he returned to his home and friends, to die beneath his own roof. And during all this time, he bore himself as became a man consciously facing the inevitable. His was a case of settled conviction, as to the end. All the while aware of the steady advances of that most insidious of all diseases, without a murmur he waited the end. And just as the last lingering rays of the evening sun kissed their departure up on the surrounding hill tops, this good man, with a farewell upon his lips, went up to God. And now as I look back upon his career, I am reminded that our lives are as the breath that plays with the leaf for a moment and then passes on forever. Life is a mystery anyway. From whence we come and whether we tend are questions for solution in the eternities to come. But we do know that we can carry only a little while here, and then we must onward to join the caravan in the beyond. And we believe the change is good for the good and that our loss in this case is the eternal good of our friend. As he had lived, so he died. His quiet, calm life here ended in a quiet, peaceful transition on the other shore. He lived the life of an honest, christian man, and died in full faith of the saving power of a Saviors blood. He had lived without guile, as he died respected and loved by all. He was a plain man. His life was devoid of all glare or ostentation. He was a substantial man and dispised all show and pretension. His whole life-work was in accord with the simplicity of his nature. A lover of quiet, he sought seclusion in his home, away from the turmoil and bustle of the outside world. He fell in the ripeness of manhood. And notwithstanding the quiet man and quiet life, he was a student, of nature and men. Thus he walked the journey of life, and learned of its trials and changes. He kept vigil over causes and results. And with an ever present sense of the proprieties, aided by a comprehensive knowledge of men, means and ways, he wisely chose a course of fair dealing and integrity. And well did he set his part. Near the eventide of life, without a blemish, he has laid down to rest. The solemn corse has borne his body away, and sadly laid it down in the homestead of his birth and rearing. He sleeps among

those who loved him best, because they knew him longest and best. His soul has gone up to the reward of the pure and good and the curtain has fallen forever. Peace to his ashes; honor to his memory.

Rockcastle was his native county. Twelve or fourteen years ago he came and took up citizenship among us. Here he won and maintained a place in the confidence and affection of the entire people. And now with his old friends we share this common grief and mingle our tears with theirs. This great loss is theirs and ours.

As a citizen he was faultless. In business he was always fair. Free from all dissembling, the purity of his character was acknowledged by all. Peculiarly a man of his own affairs, he had no time nor inclination to interfere with the business of others. Conscious of his own integrity, he stood well with himself and with others. As a neighbor there was none better. As a husband he was affectionate and kind. As a friend he was as a true steel. He was a lawyer by profession, and a good one, too. His was a clear, broad, analytical mind. He practiced law according to law. The interests of his client never suffered in his hands. Not that he always won, but the failure was in the cause, not in the lawyer. Courteous to his brethren, he was always firm in his own mature convictions. Quick to see a point, he always came to the issue with an ease and without circumlocution. He was the true lawyer, as he was a true man. He did his whole duty. This is the tribute a friend lays upon the altar of memory.

JAMES D. BLACK.

Barboursville, Nov. 24, 1886.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at her home in Lincoln county, Ky., on the evening of the 22d of November, 1886, Mrs. Pollie Traylor, widow of Cornelius Traylor, deceased, aged 76. In writing these lines of the life and death of this most estimable christian, I can but say there are no words that can do justice to her excellent character; "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

We have no language that will express how she will be missed in the community and mourned in the home-circle in which she moved, a bright and shining light. Though devoted to her home interests and ever anxious in regard to the welfare of her loved ones, yet she always had a warm place in her heart for others, and all who have been thrown with her in the journey of life, will remember her with love and regret. Comforting the distressed, helping the needy with a smile and a gentle word to those around her, with good will and charity to all—she won the love of family and friends. We would speak of her many noble acts, but her whole life was noble.

Purity and sweetness marked her path on earth, living and dying her faith in God and eternity was manifest and supreme, and we can with confidence believe that she is enjoying now that which she, in her last moments, so earnestly prayed for—rest. In that home beyond the grave may we meet her again.

We'll know thee there by that sweet face,  
Round which a tender halo plays,  
Still touched with that expressive grace  
That made thee lovely all thy days;  
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed  
A beauty like the light of heaven.  
Whose soft expression never fled,  
Even when its soul had flown to Heaven.  
That glitters brightly in thy hair;  
Oh! by those blessed signs alone  
We'll see and know—our mother—there.

Nov. 29th, 1886. CLARA DOTY TRAYLOR.

It is reported that corduroy is to be the fashionable wear for the ladies' jackets now because Mrs. Cleveland was becomingly attired in such a garment in Boston last week.

**FEMALE NURSES.**—In New York one branch of employment for women has reached a high state of useful development. It is that of caring for the sick. The doctors admit that they can not enter with confidence on the treatment of a severe case of fever without the constant presence at the bedside of one of these professional nurses. The course of preparation for the work lasts for several years, at the end of which time of schooling and experience they are in possession of information and the methods of handling patients which insure a consistent treatment. The nurses keep a record of the temperature and pulse, which constitutes a history of the case, and when shown to the doctor on his arrival at the sick room furnishes him immediate data for his skill. The chances for recovery are largely enhanced by the care of these nurses.

At Old Orchard last summer, a lady who spends her winters in Boston, became very much pleased with a gentleman who was a guest at the same hotel as herself and paid her marked attention. The friendship, however, died out with the season, and the lady supposed the gentleman had returned to Philadelphia. The other morning she ordered her breakfast served in her room at the hotel, and when she opened the door to let the waiter in there stood her handsome friend of the summer. It was an awkward position for both, and explanations were impossible, but the lady did not offer him the customary tip. On his part he bowed with the usual grace, deposited the tray and went out, leaving her food for reflection.

**ABOUT MARRIAGE.**—Woman is sometimes the real cause of unhappiness in the married relations of life, but in the majority of instances the boot is on the other foot and she is really the true comfort there is in it. Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lily hands alone, for married life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make a pot boil and can spank babies systematically. But people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passions were in all probability the first symptoms of cholera morbus. The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy affair to have about the house does so from a purely business standpoint, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has done better than any woman I know of.

Another method of utilizing paper is the process of manufacturing paper rails, which is to be adopted in the paper rail works at St. Petersburg. It is claimed that these can be made at one third the price of steel rails and that they are very durable, the paper being condensed by great pressure. Being lighter than metal they can be carried and laid at much less cost. They are made of greater length than ordinary rails, and the oscillation and wear and tear of rolling stock will be proportionately diminished. The question of durability will be the principal one to be settled.

A six-year-old girl in Florida dropped her kitten down a well over 50 feet deep, and at her earnest entreaty her father lowered her down by the well rope. She got the kitten out all right and was pulled up again damp, but happy.

The Sam Jones Tabernacle at Carterville, Ga., a gift of the evangelist to his native town, has been dedicated. The building, which is said to be a very fine one, is intended for union christian meetings, irrespective of denominations.

Green's Electric Oil cures all aches and pains. For sale by McRoberts & Stag at 50c.

#### MULES.

Twenty good yearling Mules, 15 of them mares, for sale. Call on or address me at Lancaster, Ky. 173-1m J. L. YANTIS.

#### Town Lot For Sale!

As representative of Mr. W. H. Anderson, I offer for sale privately his neat brick house and lot of two acres on Somerset Avenue in Stanford. The place has all the necessary improvements and is a very desirable one. Call on or address me at Stanford in regard to it. 161-1t P. M. McROBERTS.

#### FOR SALE!

A valuable Stock Farm containing 312 Acres situated 1 mile from Crab Orchard on the Stanford pike. The two new store-rooms and rooms, over same, in Stanford, on South side of Main street, built by Owsley & Son. Also the brick residence in which I am now living. J. B. OWSLEY, Stanford, Ky.

#### Store-Room For Rent

IN STANFORD.  
The Hayden Store-Room, the best in Stanford 10, in location and arrangement. Apply to W. G. WELCH, Stanford, Ky.

#### H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

#### For Sale at a Bargain.

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to B. G. ALFORD, 165-1t Agent for J. R. Allard.

#### E. H. FOX,

The Photographer,

Danville. . . . . Ky.

Frames Made to Order.

#### NEWCOMB HOTEL,

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the travelling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r.  
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

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—WHOLESALE—

#### TIMBER & LUMBER,

22 West Swan Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Highest cash price paid for White Ash, Black Ash, Red Birch, Cherry, Poplar, Butternut, Chestnut, Oak, Maple, Hickory, Walnut, Quarters White and Red Oak and Sycamore.

A. C. SINE, Southern Agent, Stanford, Ky.

#### DEEP BUFFALO,

SURGEON DENTIST,

STANFORD, KY.

Office—South side Main Street, two doors from the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered without quies.

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Stage of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 65. Reasonable rates for good attractions.

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Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

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For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroe, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

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Concert Grand,

Parlor Grand,

Baby Grand,

Upright Grand,

Square Grand.

We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

#### PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and prices range from 10 to 25 percent lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments.

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos.

The Celebrated Clough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts.

Or ROSE R. RICHARD, post-office.

References:—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beasley, Stanford; Mrs. Single Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky. 133-1yr

#### O. & M.

#### OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis.

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running through from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial Sleeping Cars on select trains; Luxurious Parlor Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOTS with all evening lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis under one management, running all its trains through solid and in consequence is recognized First-Class Route between those Cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circuits or any desired information, or write to

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JOHN F. BARBAR, W. B. SHATFOLD, Pres. and Gen'l Man'gr. Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.



W. P. WALTON.

STONE, the district attorney in Pennsylvania, suspended by President Cleveland for offensive partisanship at the same time he suspended Benton, of Missouri, applied for reinstatement, but the President very promptly removed him from office instead. Stone is a republican and had the hardihood not only to neglect his business to assist his party in their campaign, but made speeches of abuse and misrepresentation of the administration by whose will he retained office. In his letter to the attorney general in regard to Stone, the President lays down this proposition, which will be accepted with delight by all who believe that every mother's son of a republican should be turned out of office: "The administration of the government is not to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who aggressively and constantly endeavor unfairly to destroy the confidence of the people in the party responsible for the administration." This is well said, now let the President go to work and turn the last rascal out.

Gov. McCREARY in an interview with the Louisville Times said this among other sensible things: "There is likely to be, it is true, a heavy surplus in the Treasury. The democrats succeeded in getting a bill through at the last session which directed that the three per cent. bonds be called in and paid off at the rate of \$15,000,000, and they are now being called in and paid off at that rate. This has a very beneficial effect, but by July 1, 1887, all these bonds will be in and the surplus will again begin to accumulate rapidly. To relieve this I'm in favor of a reduction of the tariff. I think the revenue tax should be maintained. I'm not in favor of taking the tax off whiskey, brandy, tobacco and cigars until that on clothing and machinery, and bibles and shoes is reduced. I'm from a big whiskey producing district, but that's the doctrine I hold in Congress, and that's the doctrine I talked in my canvass. I'm not in favor of free luxuries, while the necessities of life are burdened with tax."

THE filthy details of evidence in a divorce suit brought by Lady Colin Campbell against her Lordship, in England, is cabled to this country and published in the daily papers with very catching head lines. It is the most disgusting story ever printed and the postoffice department might prosecute the purveyors of the nastiness for using the mails to disseminate obscene literature. Its recital may sell a few extra papers, but it can be productive only of harm. Every Kentuckian who reads it will however instinctively regret that distance alone prevents him from assisting in lynching the royal brute, who could treat a woman so infamously.

GEN. LOGAN says the reason Cleveland was elected was because the children of copperheads who kept out of the army during the war and were raised up democrats, arrived at a voting age in 1884 in time to cast their first vote for him. The soldiers returned home in 1865 and married and their offspring are naturally republicans, who will cast their first vote in 1888, for a republican president, who will be elected of course. This is Black Jack's theory, but he will find that it won't work. He has made no calculation on the other side at all, forgetting, it seems, that the breeding of democrats has continued all the time.

A NUMBER of papers are referring to Miss Jessie Buckner, who has recently gone on the operatic stage, as the beautiful daughter of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. So far as being beautiful is concerned, the description fits exactly, but she is not a daughter of that gallant Confederate general. Miss Buckner is a relative of the Thompsons, at Harrodsburg, and first came into public notice during Phil Thompson's trial for the murder of Walter Davis.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Harrodsburg Democrat, in speaking of the Bourbon News is kind enough to say of us: "Champ has the best semi-weekly in the State, always excepting, of course, our friend Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL. In all statements of this kind, like Rip Van Winkle's drink, Walton don't count." Brother Spotswood, we are your most obedient.

THE silly paragraph is going the rounds of the press that "Stonewall" Jackson never posted a letter without calculating whether it had to travel on Sunday, and would often hold his letters over to Monday." Gen. Jackson was a great man and a good man and consequently could not be as silly as the item would suggest.

WE have never been fool enough to speak of the Breckenridge News as "a little paper" and we are certain now we never will be guilty of such indiscretion. The News is loaded and Bro. Sutton is the kind of a marksman we don't go fooling around when we can help it.

ONE poor old sot in Atlanta, on having his whiskey supply cut off, fell back on kerosene and now drinks half a gallon of that oil a week. It is not stated what effect it has upon him, but we suppose it makes him exceedingly light-headed.

SIXTY FIVE couples were married in Louisville last week. It would be a difficult matter to figure how many couples there would like to be unmarried, but judging by the divorce record they are climbing up toward a majority.

Girls who marry coachmen ought to be stable in their affections.

A YOUNG Kentuckian named Presley has just been sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Washington for stealing overcoats from hotels. He went there to get a government position and failing, fell back on stealing for a livelihood. Young men should take warning from this and be certain of a place before entering the whirlpool at the Capital.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived in New York.

—Four men were killed by the explosion of the tug-boat Sunbeam in East River, New York.

—A duty of \$1,750 has been collected on seven Egyptian mummies recently landed in this country.

—The county judge of Bourbon county fined 37 men \$7.50 each, the other day, for refusing to work an old public road.

—Owing to a train dispatcher's blunder a collision occurred on the Missouri Pacific near Kansas City and two men were killed.

—J. & S. B. Sachs, boot and shoe manufacturers at Cincinnati, have assigned. Assets are estimated at \$100,000; liabilities \$200,000.

—There are 81 public buildings in course of construction by the Federal government upon which \$2,302,437 were expended during the year.

—Pinkney White, a negro was arrested in Cincinnati for the murder of George Brown, his room-mate, at Somerset, Ky., in March, 1885.

—The large distilleries of Anderson county began operations yesterday. McBrayer will make 8,000 barrels, Rippey 9,000 and Bond & Lillard 6,000.

—In this district, Lum J. Stone, of Monticello, John A. Durham, Fairbush, and M. White, Whitley county, have been appointed storekeepers and gunners.

—During the last 16 months there have died ten men who have been either President or Vice-President of the United States or who have been candidates for either office.

—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., there was an explosion of gas in a coal shaft by which two men received injuries from which they soon died, and ten others are not expected to recover.

—A grain elevator at Duluth, Minn., burned causing a loss of \$869,000. Two men were burned to death and another to escape the flames jumped 80 feet to the ground and was dashed to pieces.

—It has been published that the next Board of Equalization will have a majority of republican members. The official returns deny the statement and place the representation at 8 democrats and 3 republicans.

—A tramp named Coyle, employed as a farm hand by Moses Ray, near Lexington, Ind., betrayed Ray's daughter, who has since become a mother. The father attempted to kill the villain, but he made good his escape.

—An apothecary at Berlin, named Speichert, after suffering eleven years' imprisonment for the alleged murder of his wife, has just been released, his innocence of the crime, which he always asserted, being satisfactorily ascertained.

—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the Lawrence circuit court by which James H. Marcum, brother of T. D. Marcum, of the Catlettsburg Democrat, was sentenced to prison for life for killing his cousin, Fisher Marcum.

—John Huffman, a young man who forged a check at Harrodsburg, and was sent to the penitentiary for two years after lying in jail over a year, was pardoned by the governor, the sheriff receiving the papers while en route to Frankfort with him.

—Judge Scott, of the Illinois Supreme Court, has granted a supersedeas in the cases of the condemned Chicago anarchists, thus postponing the execution of the death sentence until the Supreme Court shall pass upon the regularity of the proceedings under which they were convicted.

—A baby was born recently at Aberdeen, Miss., whose father is a very black negro; its mother a light mulatto. Half the child's body is black; the other half nearly white; the hair on one side of its head is kinky; on the other light and straight, while one is black eye and the other blue.

—In Boone township, Harrison county, Indiana, E. B. Brown, a teacher, dismissed his pupils and locked the doors of the school-house because three colored children had come to school. The white children whipped the colored ones and the Magistrate fined them. Indians are on the north shore of the Ohio River.

—The hanging of Claverius for the murder of his pretty cousin, Lillian Mandison, whom he seduced, is fixed for December 10th, and his friends are making a big effort to have the sentence commuted. It is said that he is preparing a statement to be presented to the governor, which will put a new aspect on the case entirely.

—Gov. Knott has written a letter to Harvey Pash, colored, the condemned murderer in jail at Bardetown, and whose execution is fixed for the 10th day of next month, informing him that he can not, after a careful review of all the facts and circumstances surrounding his case, interfere with the execution of the death sentence, and admonishes him to abandon all hope of being granted further reprieve and to prepare for the end.

—John Horace, of Little Rock, designing to commit suicide, tied a rope about his neck, threw it over a half-open door, and commanded his ten-year-old son to pull on the other end. On his refusal, the father whipped the boy with a cane until young Mr. Horace began to take an interest in the affair and gave the rope such a pull as came near choking the man to death, the timely arrival of his wife only saving him.

—Erastus Brooks, the veteran New York journalist, died Friday at his home on Staten Island. Mr. Brooks was a native of Maine and was nearly 73 years of age. He had been connected with journalism, until recently, from his early boyhood, and was most prominently known as the editor of the New York Express.

—It seems to be clearly proven that the last strike of the packing house employees of Chicago was ordered by District Master Workman Butler, for the selfish purpose of advancing his candidacy for Sheriff of Cook county. The poor fellows who were thus forced to lose their wages, to aid a miserable self-seeker, should take Butler out for a sail upon Lake Michigan and drop him overboard a few times where its waters are the chilliest. —C. J.

—In political circles at Washington a scheme is being discussed by the successful carrying out of which the democrats would have a chance to secure two Senators. It is proposed that the House take up and pass the Senate bill admitting Washington Territory as a State and delay a like bill for Dakota, the belief being that the democrats of the State of Washington would control the General Assembly, which would, as one of its first duties, elect two United States Senators.

—It is developed that the family of eight persons, supposed to have been accidentally burned to death in Knox county, a month since, were murdered; their throats having been cut from ear to ear. The family, whose names were Poe, had refused to recognize as their social equal a man and his concubine and she, enraged at this, planned the terrible murder and assisted her paramour in its execution. An illegitimate son of the pair tells the story and says: The family, all of whom were females, were all asleep in one room, and his father, with a razor cut the throats of each from ear to ear, while his mother picked the bodies up, placed them in the middle of the floor, piled the contents of two beds on them and then set fire to them and the house, and that the poor, helpless little baby screamed until the flames smothered it.

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harding expect to leave to-day on a visit to Atlanta.

—Mr. D. S. Hinman left on Saturday for a short visit to friends at Wilmington, O.

—Mr. Wm. S. Nichols, of Rockcastle, is in town on a brief visit to his son, M. J. B. Nichols.

—Messrs. S. M. Bardett and Ed T. Madden, of Louisville, were in town Sunday night on their way to Harrodsburg.

—Haas & Handman have this season shipped 10,000 dressed turkeys to Boston. They will begin shipping again the 10th of December.

—County Attorney Harding was telegraphed to from Junction City to come out and prosecute Alice Madison for malicious cutting.

—Researches by wisdom men have developed the fact that it was not Jacob who swindled Esau out of his birthright, but that it was "Charlie Henderson, the notorious fakir," now sojourning in the Danville jail.

—Mr. Joseph Coffey has bought out John Stodghill's livery stable and will take possession within a day or two. The invoice will begin to-morrow. (Tuesday). Mr. John Ballard will assist Mr. Coffey in the management of the business.

—Messrs. Jas. A. and Sim Slaughter, Isaac Shelby, F. L. Shipman, J. W. Vansardall and Allen Kelly left on Saturday for Tennessee on a hunting expedition. They will get off the cars at Spring City and travel overland before reaching the hunting grounds.

—Mr. W. B. Thomas will probably be the Adams Express agent here under the new arrangement. Mr. George D. Batterton will take charge of the Baltimore & Ohio Express and Mr. W. E. Board, the late Adams Express agent, will take charge of the Baltimore & Ohio company's business at Paris.

—Mr. J. B. Ould, of Richmond, Va., was traveling on the Cincinnati Southern rail road from Cincinnati to Knoxville on Sunday night and when the brakeman called out "Danville," he mistook what was said for "Knoxville" and accordingly got off here. He got a good night's rest and resumed his journey this morning.

—Mr. O'Brien Atkinson, a young gentleman from Detroit, Michigan, arrived in town Sunday on his way to Jacksonville, Florida. He is about 16 years old and has ridden thus far on horseback and proposes to continue his journey in that manner. He mounted the big brown horse he is riding and left this morning for Nashville by way of Lebanon and Greensburg.

—The orders of the Red Cross and Knight Templar were conferred by Ryan Comendary on Friday and Saturday nights on Messrs. R. M. Jackson and J. A. Craft, of London; J. R. Dill, of Somerset, and Alex. Tribble, of Junction City. Messrs. A. R. Penny and A. A. McKinney, of Stanford; J. W. Jones, of London, and A. D. Stowell, of Somerset and Capt. W. E. Grubbs, of Frankfort, were present at the meetings.

—Uncle Joshua Doram is in the toils again. He had just effected a settlement of the old batch of whiskey prosecutions when up comes B. F. Wiggs, who is willing to swear that Joshua has sold him a countless number of "whiskey straight," "cocktails," "brandy snashes" and "mint juleps." There is in connection with the matter some sort of a wild story about Wiggs claiming to have lost an overcoat in Josh's grocery; about his demanding another from Josh and upon his failure to get it his threat to swear about whiskey; that he afterwards got an overcoat and "clarred" himself, and that he was arrested and brought back and will yet consent to swear about whiskey.

## HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The wife of Mr. James Russell died Thursday night after a few days of illness at the advanced age of 75 years. Mrs. R. was a member of the old Carpenter family. Her memories were associated with the earlier events of our country's history.

—Miss Helen Thurmond, of Danville, is here with her sister, Miss Bertie Rogers, of Danville, at Mr. Cook's and Miss Bettie Cassidy, of Lexington, at W. R. Williams'. Mrs. Edwards, of Knoxville, Tenn., is at Mrs. Moreland's and will, with her daughter-in-law, proceed at once to join the son and husband, Mr. E. H. Edwards, who is a compositor on the Commercial-Gazette, at Cincinnati. A party of hunters from Lexington are said to be infesting Sam Reid's, but have not heard their names.

—The semi-religious festival of Thanksgiving was observed as dictated by the varied tastes of the participants. Of course the traditional turkey was offered on many a family altar. Scattered members of households assembled at the well remembered firesides. Kindly greetings, for a time, took the place of the cold terms of trade and commerce; and a few, perhaps, sent up an aspiration of grateful praise to the Great Dispenser of every good. Among the returned may be noted: Miss Dollie Williams from Hamilton College; Lou Hooker, Daughters' College, and Lizzie Bogle from Danville.

—Meteorologists have been greatly at a loss to account for what they have regarded as strange vagaries of the winds noticed during the last few weeks. Currents and counter currents seem to have held high carnival—especially at night—and the shriekings of the beasts and wailing cadences of the breezes have frozen the blood with terror, or crushed the spirit with sadness. The things became at length so oppressive that an investigation was instituted and the discovery made that these unearthly lamentations proceeded from the lungs of a few disconsolate widowers, sighing over the wants and woes and fruitless wishes of enforced celibacy. Ladies, here is a field for active, effective and magnanimous interference. You, and you alone, have power to meet the emergency. Vindicate your heaven sent mission and minister to these "minds diseased." And should your well known zeal prompt a multitude to engage in this benevolent enterprise, we have a host of blooming bachelors varying from 16 to 60 who need to be enlightened and that right speedily.

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—There are more fat hogs in this county than usual. They are selling at 5 cents net.

—The earth continues to shake in South Carolina. There was another quake Saturday.

—Rev. Pope, of the Christian Church, filled the pulpit Sunday and Sunday night. The church will probably employ him as their regular pastor.

—Miss Ella Joplin has closed her school. She will start soon on an extended visit West. David Thompson and wife, of Garard, are visiting relatives in town. C. S. Nield and J. D. Chandler spent Sunday with us.

—Have just heard of a very remarkable cave on Roundstone in this county. It is said that ice remains in the cave almost the whole year without melting. Ice has been seen in the cave the last of July. It goes by the name of Ice cave.

—The boys of this place who attended the turkey shooting at Stanford Thanksgiving day, brought back 26 nice ones. Bob Thompson killed 18 of them, which only cost him \$2.70. It don't pay to put up turkeys 50 yards for Bob to shoot at with a pistol.

—There will be a meeting at the church Tuesday night to determine whether we shall have a Christmas tree or not, and what kind; whether for the Sunday school or for the community at large. Will announce in my next letter the decision of the meeting.

—Last Friday evening, at her pleasant home, Miss Cleo Williams, in honor of Miss Annie Holmes, gave an entertainment in the way of a candy-pulling. It is needless to say the evening was delightfully spent, as every one who is acquainted with Miss Cleo knows how capable she is of entertaining.

—Old man Mikey Pitman, of this county, who is known by most every one, met with an accident a few days ago which came very near resulting seriously. He had killed hogs and was hauling them to his house on a sled when his horse became scared and running off with him, threw him off, knocking him senseless. He has recovered sufficiently to be out again.

BURNED TO DEATH.—Granville Brown, a boy of 14, living with his aunt in Rockcastle, was told by her to go Pine Hill on an errand. A few minutes after he had left the house she heard him screaming from the barn. She rushed out, and saw the barn in flames, but found the door fastened. It was impossible to rescue him from the flames. After the barn had fallen on his body, it was recovered, burned horribly; and part of his arms and legs were burned off. The crib was filled with fodder and it is supposed he was playing with fodder and set fire to it in that way and the flames caught him before he could get out.

—The arrest of Henry Jansen, at Chicago, for the attempted murder of his wife, may result in the discovery of the man who threw the bomb into the ranks of the police at the Haymarket meeting.

—At Corunna, Mich., a fellow named Coleman, who had made himself obnoxious by too great familiarity with his landlord's wife, was dragged from bed by a mob, tarred and feathered and instructed to leave the place.

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REMINISCENCE OF ARTEMUS WARD  
BEFORE A LONDON AUDIENCE.

The Pitiful Ravages of a Deadly Disease.  
Clergymen in the Audience—The Moon  
Out of Fix—The Ice Broken at Last.  
His Death in a Foreign Land.

I shall never forget the last time I saw Artemus Ward. We were in London, my husband and myself, and learning from a friend that our Yankee humorist was to return, one night in Egyptian hall we determined to be among his hearers. I had heard him several times in America, and was anxious to see how an English audience would respond to his New World drollery, his unrequited humor.

It was with the hope that we might meet him and have a little chat together that we went quite early, but though we were among the first who gathered there, that night he was nowhere to be seen till the lecture commenced.

The people came in in a straggling fashion and occupied the front seats and those in the body of the house. The hall was little more than half full. I remember the lights seemed dim, the distances dark and solemn and the architecture dismal in the extreme. The hall was like a huge tomb built for the reception of dead and gone Pharaohs. On a settee near the front of our party five gentlemen sat together. I fancied they were clergymen, and had come with the avowed intention of sitting out the exercises in grave and dignified silence.

THE RAVAGES OF DISEASE.  
When Artemus made his appearance it was pitiful to see the ravages disease had made in one short year. His face was thin and pallid, his hollow eyes glistened with a light intensely painful, and held that strange expression peculiar to consumptives, as one looking outside the world. Even as he spoke he caught his breath, evidently in pain, and pressed his hand to his side.

My husband turned to me with the brief sentence, "The man is dying," and so he was.

With one expressive glance about the place, scanning ceiling, lights, shadows and semidarkness, the man took a step forward, and commenced in his halting speech and assumed timidity of manner:

"When the Egyptians built this hall—the principles of acoustics were not fully understood—neither, it is presumed, had the matter of ventilation been very extensively ventilated."

There was a smile on the faces of many, but nothing more—and yet the humor of the thing was exquisite. I could not keep my eyes from the five clergymen, who sat shoulder to shoulder, like so many sleek, soft cotton seals. Not a tremor betrayed that they were conscious of muscles—their faces were stern, their lips compressed, their brows unbending. Their stolidity possessed a suggestion for me that even Artemus Ward's inimitable personage could not shake off. Again and again his odd fancies provoked from our party both laughter and tears, but still that clerical conclave sat it out, and did not even smile. Could it possibly be that they were oblivious of the subtle wit of his baroque, the rare changes in his face?

Presently the moon appeared in his comical little panorama, wavered, trembled like a boat struck by a sudden squall and then hung as if suspended, limp and motionless on some lunar hook, midway between sea and sky.

Artemus looked quizzically over to those five clergymen. I think he had seen them all the time out of the corners of his eyes.

LOOKING AFTER HIS MOON.  
"If you will excuse me, gentlemen," he said, impressively, "I will go out and see to my moon. I think the moonist, a small boy, a fat boy by the way, an English lad, who is to nightly manage my celestial apparatus, has got cranky or gone to sleep—possibly it may be because the audience is so small tonight, though appreciative—here a long pause—"that he is afraid I shall cut him short two and sixpence," and with that he went behind the scenes, perhaps, poor fellow, to gain a moment's respite from pain, and to catch his breath, for he was panting with the exertion of talking, even then.

There was evidently an effort on the part of the five to keep from smiling during this speech, and while Artemus was gone the moon righted itself with a tremendous effort, and glared in such a unique fashion that first one and finally all my five stocks and stones, as I had mentally denominated them, relapsed into audible laughter, and their white chokers began to wrinkle.

Artemus came back, he glanced at the side seats, and saw that the ice was broken. It was what he had been waiting and working for, and it seemed that the triumph gave him new life. From that moment those five men were slaves of his humor. They laughed till they cried, and most certainly the brilliant showman outdid himself. Every movement, every glance provoked peals of laughter. It was as if, having put restraint upon themselves so long, they were eager to make up for it. I was satisfied. The gifted son of America was at last appreciated, and though the applause came late, it did come, and Artemus Ward went home happy.

Some few days after that a friend called to see the humorist. He was sick and almost speechless, yet managed to repeat some witticism about his hands of life terminating on a send bar, and spoke regretfully of never expecting to see his native land again.

He never did—the next day he was dead.—Mary A. Denison in New York Graphic.

## A Near-Sighted Colored Man.

"What do you mean by using that violence towards your wife?" asked the Austin recorder of Sam Johnson.

"I didn't use no violence, boss."

"But you did, her face is all swollen up from the blow. Didn't you strike her?"

"Yes, boss, but it was an accident. I see what happened."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Hears, boss, hears. Yer see I was at de gate and was gwine to go down town, and I jes' kissed my han' for Mittity."

"Kissed your hand to her?"

"Yes, boss, I kissed my han' to her, but owing to de defect in my eyes, I sposed she was norn' twenty feet off, but she wasn't. She was so close to me dat de back ob my han' hit her snout in de mouf. I nebbber was so sprised in my life."

"Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay \$30 and costs or you go to the county jail."—Texas Sittings.

## Blushed for His Sex.

I would not have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes in the Merchants' barber shop the other day. A bald-headed man with a pretty mustache came in to get shaved. After the operation was performed the barber took a state pencil, heated it in a gas jet, and proceeded to curl his customer's mustache. He spent several minutes at the task, the bald-headed man directing him in a querulous manner until he was satisfied with the position of every hair. The barber then took a stick of black pomade and carefully touched up his man's eyebrows and eyelashes, gave his bald spot a dab with a powder bag and bounced him out of the chair. I actually blushed for my sex, and will never again have anything to say about the follies of women.—Pioneer Press.

## JACKSON CITY AND QUANTICO.

## Two Proposed Cities on the Banks of the Potomac.

It may not be generally known that there are on the banks of the Potomac the sites of two proposed cities, whose projectors were once sanguine that they would grow and attain a national importance in population and trade, but which stubbornly refused to thrive in spite of all that was done to push them forward. The first of these is Jackson City, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, just opposite to Washington. The idea of building this city as a rival of the national capital was conceived by some of "Old Hickory's" friends during his presidential term, and such faith did they have in the name that they did not think failure was possible if they called it Jackson City.

Accordingly, they bought of Mr. George Mason, for \$100,000, a large part of which was paid in bonds of the company, a tract of land and laid it off in lots, streets and avenues in a magnificent way. Then, to give more to the scheme, they determined upon a public demonstration on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new city. Accordingly on the day appointed a large crowd assembled on the spot, among which were President Jackson and members of his cabinet, and many other distinguished persons; and after an oration had been delivered by George Washington Park Custis the corner stone of Jackson City was laid with fitting ceremonies. But, strange to say, that was about all that ever was laid, notwithstanding the magnificent send off with which it had been inaugurated. The traveler who passes the site to-day sees only one or two dilapidated frame houses to mark the spot.

The other dead city is Quantico, on the Potomac, some twenty miles below Washington. Soon after the close of the late war, when the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad was extended to that point, the city was laid out on an extensive scale, and such confidence did its projectors have in its future that they went to work and built a large and handsome four story hotel, at a cost of many thousand dollars. They also obtained a charter conferring upon the company extensive powers, such as to build railroads, to bank banking business, engage in manufacturing projects, etc., but, contrary to their sanguine expectations, the enterprise never thrived, and instead of a bustling, busy city, Quantico is a quiet country railroad station, and not likely ever to be anything else.—Ben: Perley Poore.

## To Prevent Rabies.

More than half a century ago a French chemist and surgeon declared that "chlorine has the power of decomposing and destroying the deadly poison of the saliva of the mad dog." The truth of that statement has been reaffirmed repeatedly by physicians and chemists since it was published, but is evidently known by few people. The remedy is prepared and applied by use of a wash of two tablespoonfuls of chlorure of lime in half a pint of water, and with it instantly and repeatedly bathing the bitten part. The liquid is absorbed and the poison decomposed.

Dr. Worthington, of Annapolis, recommended years ago the giving of chlorine internally and hypodermically. He says: "It is a stimulant and astringent, in the first case helping to raise the vital powers, and in the second case lessening the rapidity of the circulation, and thus extending the dissemination of the poison through the system. If chloride of lime applied to the wound will decompose the virus with which it comes in contact, it is reasonable to assume that some of it will be absorbed by the vessels and decompose the virus in the circulation. If this is a fair assumption it is plausible, practicable and possible to meet the poison within the system and destroy it." The remedy above described is so cheap, readily available and simple in its application externally that no family need be without a supply ready for instant use. It has been known to be effective when applied within six hours after the infliction of the bite.—Chicago Times.

## Naval Warfare Reduced to a Science.

The Selfridge torpedo—that in general use—is a tin can filled with about sixty pounds of gun-cotton, which has the explosive force of 300 pounds of powder. It is exploded by electricity, and makes noise enough to frighten an enemy's ship into showing her heels, though in the water the sound is of course subdued and nearly lost. Some of the torpedoes, however, are far more terrible things to see and hear of than this comparatively simple specimen. They are made in some cases twenty-five and even thirty feet in length, and filled with so much powder, gun-cotton, dynamite and nitro-glycerine, not to mention various combustibles of the same agreeable nature. When it is necessary they are set off to spin through the water at a fantastic rate of speed, generating internal heat by the action of a sort of paddle wheel, until, just as they reach the ill-fated vessel which they are intended to annihilate, the whole infernal contrivance goes off without a symptom of warning, and the unfortunate Eliza, Maud or Ann Sophia, as the case may be, lies in a thousand million pieces up to the astonished skies. Dear, dear! What a horrible visitation war is to be sure! We haven't any navy, but we are getting naval warfare down to a very fine point, indeed.—Providence Journal.

## A Volcano in Japan.

A recent number of The Japan Weekly Mail contains a short account of a night ascent of the active volcano Asamayama. The party left Kamayama in the afternoon, and commenced the ascent from the eastern side about sunset. The sky was perfectly clear, and the summit was reached an hour before midnight. The wind, blowing from the south, carried the sulphurous vapor away to the northward, and thus the ascent was made less uncomfortable. The party saw quite to the bottom of the crater, which presented the appearance of a furnace filled with glowing coals. The sound of the roaring, hissing and bubbling is described as loud and awful. The walls of the crater are of a light brown color, and are composed of successive layers marked out with striking regularity, like the seats in an amphitheatre. Allowing ten of these layers to each interval of twenty feet, the depth from the surface to the incandescent matter would appear to be 200 feet. The periphery of the crater is about half a mile, although the Japanese calculate it at two miles and a half.—Boston Transcript.

## Decline of Cheap Literature.

A gentleman in the book business holds the opinion that cheap literature and cheap publications are on the decline. He thinks that the country has been glutted with the ten and twenty cent books, and that the demand for the next few years will be for higher priced books. There is a vast flood of novels constantly going upon the markets in volumes that sell at \$1 and \$1.50. The editions of such books by the ordinary writers do not exceed 1,500 or 2,000 copies each. If the latter number is reached it is considered a large sale. This does not refer to writers like Howells, but to many of the story writers for the magazines. They get first of all a fair price for their productions from the magazines in which they are published. Whatever they can make by putting them out in book form is considered a clear profit.—New York Tribune.

## AGUAS CALIENTES.

## A TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE AT A NOTED MEXICAN RESORT.

Hundreds of People Disporting Themselves at the Public Bath—The Luxury of a Hot Bath—Horse Cars in Mexico—Tin Horns.

This charming city is quite a noted resort, on account of its hot water springs. Its name, Aguas Calientes, means warm waters. There is a great deal here to interest a stranger, but the baths are the principal attraction, and they are very fine. If some enterprising Yankee could come down here, take possession of these springs and extensively advertise them he would make money; but the present owners are tainted with the usual slovenliness and conservatism of the average Mexican, and consequently they do only a moderate business. The baths are about a mile and a half from the city, at the end of a very broad, beautiful alameda, or shaded avenue, which runs to the city.

One beautiful, bright morning I started for the spring to take my first bath there (bath). Horse cars would carry me, but I preferred to walk in the cool shade of the large trees which line the avenue. There is a canal running on one side of the alameda from the springs to the city. It was built by the city and is called the Municipal canal. It is about five feet wide, and here the populace may bathe to its heart's content, free of charge.

## A LUXURIOUS BATH.

Arriving at the bath, I was shown to my room, and handed soap, towel and a large white sheet. Not knowing whether this sheet was intended for a bathing suit or towel, or what, I inquired of my polite attendant, and with the aid of an agreeable Englishman who happened along at the time and acted as an interpreter, I learned that, after bathing, I was to sit down wrapped in this winding sheet, and slowly dry and cool. From the dressing room I descended by a short flight of stone steps to the water, which was about four feet deep, and encompassed by very high stone walls. The space between these walls was about fifteen feet square—large enough for a swim. The temperature of the water was 107 deg.

But the bath—what a luxury! Clear, bubbling hot water, gushing from a fine gravelly soil, it was simply delightful, and left no overacting effects. The primitiveness and cleanliness constituted one charm of the place. The bathing apartments vary in size, and the water in different rooms is of different temperatures. The larger baths cost two dollars (twenty-five cents), while the smaller ones cost only one real (twelve and a half cents).

I must say a little about the horse cars in Mexico. I call them horse cars from habit, but they are usually drawn by donkeys. The horse car here is called a tranvia. The cars are familiar objects in appearance, for they are mostly manufactured in the United States. There are first and second class cars, and sometimes a freight and mail car.

## ON A MEXICAN HORSE CAR.

My first ride on a horse car in this country was one morning when I saw standing near the plan an open car and a closed box car. I have always considered a ride in an open horse car in warm weather a luxury, and preferable to riding in a box car, and I knew of no reason why my taste should change any in Mexico, so I boarded the open car. But I soon found that I was riding second class, and paid only half the regular first class, or box car, fare, while the first class passengers ride in the box car.

The drivers on most of the cars carry flenda in their hands, which they very frequently blow in the most energetic manner, especially before coming to a corner or a cross street. At first the sound was startling and disagreeable, but I have become accustomed to the music, and can now hear them with complacency, for the sound assures me that somebody is active and awake in this dreamy atmosphere. The noise reminds me of the horn music we are privileged to enjoy in the United States about the Fourth of July time.

One day in my wanderings in this city, I found myself in an ancient cemetery, surrounded by high walls. There were many graves dug, waiting for future occupants. New graves had been trespassed on old ones, and the old ones had been forced to yield up their dead, so that the ground was strewn with bones and fragments of skeletons.—Mexico Cor. Boston Transcript.

How It Was Written.  
Henry George is really a protégé and a disciple of James McClatchy, the late veteran editor of The Bee. At the feet of the latter George drank in those ideas which are so graphically explained in "Progress and Poverty." In fact, it was James McClatchy who prevailed upon George to write that wonderful work. It was while George was the state inspector of gas meters, and while he had plenty of idle time upon his hands. One day he dropped into The Bee office, and he and the chief editor drifted into conversation upon their pet hobbies. At the conclusion of a more than ordinarily long explanation of a knotty problem by the editor, Henry George exclaimed admiringly: "Mac, why don't you write a book on those subjects? By heavens, it would mark a revelation and a revolution in literature."

To which James McClatchy half sadly answered: "No, George, I am getting too old. I can't work as I used to. Were I twenty years younger I would go at it with a vim, but it takes all my strength now to work as I have to work on The Bee. But you are comparatively young; you are vigorous, strong, nervous and full of life. Besides, you know, George, you have mighty little work to do. Now, why don't you take up these reform ideas and weave them into a book? There is no man living can do it better than you can." To this George dissented most vigorously, saying that there was no man anywhere so well fitted for the task as James McClatchy. At last, however, George was prevailed upon to begin the great work, and he did it modestly, and with a lack of confidence in his own ability. Diligently and laboriously he worked at his task, frequent were the consultations between himself and The Bee editor, and, chapter by chapter, the work was submitted to James McClatchy for his careful consideration and judgment.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

The New York Sun's Interview.  
Our rule in The Sun is to print no interview without first submitting the copy or the proofs to the person interviewed, in order that the accuracy as well as the fairness of the report may be placed beyond question.—New York Sun.

## FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem by Mrs. Lewis was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in our language. It has been said for all who die.

There is a tear,  
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh  
Over every bier;  
But in that hour of pain and dread  
Who will draw near  
Around my humble couch and shed  
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the fast departing ray  
In deep despair,  
And sooth the spirit on its way  
With holy prayer?  
What mourner round my couch will come  
In words of love,  
And follow me to my long home  
Solace and glow?

When lying on my earthly bed  
In deep sleep,  
Who then by pure affection led  
Will come and weep?  
By the pale moon's implant the rose  
Upon my breast,  
And bid it cheer my dark repose  
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I was sleeping  
Love in the ground,  
One faithful heart would then be keeping  
Watch all around,  
As if some angel's hand were laid  
On my forehead,  
That cold and gloomy  
I would mitigate the pangs of death  
And light the tomb.

It is the public bath, and it is a common thing for hundreds to be seen at one time disporting themselves in its waters. As I walked on the banks I saw men, women and children taking their morning baths, with nature's simple dress for bathing suit. There were also women washing clothes, rubbing them on flat stones in a manner which explained the generally used appearance of my clothes which had been returned to me the day before from a similar laundry, looking as if they had been through a Mexican war.

A LUXURIOUS BATH.  
Arriving at the bath, I was shown to my room, and handed soap, towel and a large white sheet. Not knowing whether this sheet was intended for a bathing suit or towel, or what, I inquired of my polite attendant, and with the aid of an agreeable Englishman who happened along at the time and acted as an interpreter, I learned that, after bathing, I was to sit down wrapped in this winding sheet, and slowly dry and cool.

From the dressing room I descended by a short flight of stone steps to the water, which was about four feet deep, and encompassed by very high stone walls. The space between these walls was about fifteen feet square—large enough for a swim. The temperature of the water was 107 deg.

But the bath—what a luxury! Clear, bubbling hot water, gushing from a fine gravelly soil, it was simply delightful, and left no overacting effects. The primitiveness and cleanliness constituted one charm of the place. The bathing apartments vary in size, and the water in different rooms is of different temperatures. The larger baths cost two dollars (twenty-five cents), while the smaller ones cost only one real (twelve and a half cents).

I must say a little about the horse cars in Mexico. I call them horse cars from habit, but they are usually drawn by donkeys. The horse car here is called a tranvia. The cars are familiar objects in appearance, for they are mostly manufactured in the United States. There are first and second class cars, and sometimes a freight and mail car.

My first ride on a horse car in this country was one morning when I saw standing near the plan an open car and a closed box car. I have always considered a ride in an open horse car in warm weather a luxury, and preferable to riding in a box car, and I knew of no reason why my taste should change any in Mexico, so I boarded the open car. But I soon found that I was riding second class, and paid only half the regular first class, or box car, fare, while the first class passengers ride in the box car.

The drivers on most of the cars carry flenda in their hands, which they very frequently blow in the most energetic manner, especially before coming to a corner or a cross street. At first the sound was startling and disagreeable, but I have become accustomed to the music, and can now hear them with complacency, for the sound assures me that somebody is active and awake in this dreamy atmosphere. The noise reminds me of the horn music we are privileged to enjoy in the United States about the Fourth of July time.

One day in my wanderings in this city, I found myself in an ancient cemetery, surrounded by high walls. There were many graves dug, waiting for future occupants. New graves had been trespassed on old ones, and the old ones had been forced to yield up their dead, so that the ground was strewn with bones and fragments of skeletons.—Mexico Cor. Boston Transcript.

How It Was Written.  
Henry George is really a protégé and a disciple of James McClatchy, the late veteran editor of The Bee. At the feet of the latter George drank in those ideas which are so graphically explained in "Progress and Poverty." In fact, it was James McClatchy who prevailed upon George to write that wonderful work. It was while George was the state inspector of gas meters, and while he had plenty of idle time upon his hands. One day he dropped into The Bee office, and he and the chief editor drifted into conversation upon their pet hobbies. At the conclusion of a more than ordinarily long explanation of a knotty problem by the editor, Henry George exclaimed admiringly: "Mac, why don't you write a book on those subjects? By heavens, it would mark a revelation and a revolution in literature."

To which James McClatchy half sadly answered: "No, George, I am getting too old. I can't work as I used to. Were I twenty years younger I would go at it with a vim, but it takes all my strength now to work as I have to work on The Bee. But you are comparatively young; you are vigorous, strong, nervous and full of life. Besides, you know, George, you have mighty little work to do. Now, why don't you take up these reform ideas and weave them into a book? There is no man living can do it better than you can." To this George dissented most vigorously, saying that there was no man anywhere so well fitted for the task as James McClatchy. At last, however, George was prevailed upon to begin the great work, and he did it modestly, and with a lack of confidence in his own ability. Diligently and laboriously he worked at his task, frequent were the consultations between himself and The Bee editor, and, chapter by chapter, the work was submitted to James McClatchy for his careful consideration and judgment.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

The New York Sun's Interview.  
Our rule in The Sun is to print no interview without first submitting the copy or the proofs to the person interviewed, in order that the accuracy as well as the fairness of the report may be placed beyond question.—New York Sun.

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SOUTH-BOUND. No. 6. No. 4. No. 14.  
Lvs. Covington 8:10 a.m. 8:10 p.m. 7:00 p.m.  
Arr. Louisville 9:40 a.m. 9:40 p.m. 8:30 p.m.  
Lvs. Louisville 10:45 a.m. 10:15 p.m. 9:45 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington 12:10 p.m. 11:17 p.m. 11:10 p.m.

Lvs. Paris 11:20 a.m. 10:45 p.m. 9:20 p.m.  
Arr. Winchester 12:20 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 9:45 p.m.  
Lvs. Winchester 1:20 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 10:45 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington 2:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.

Lvs. Lexington 3:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Arr. Winchester 4:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Lvs. Winchester 5:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington 6:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.

Lvs. Lexington 7:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Arr. Winchester 8:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Lvs. Winchester 9:40 p.m. 11:20 p.m. 11:10 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington 10:40 p.m. 1